

his expressions of modesty to ring somehow falsely to my ears. He thinks HTT is a Big Deal, and that attitude simply is not warranted, IMAO (thanks, Bernadette). The zine's main strength is its large lettercol, but it, too, is chaotically handled. I see no attempt whatsoever in arranging the material, it's just dumped out onto stencil. Alas, when it comes to regularly published--not to mention frequent--genzines, HOLIER THAN THOU seems to be the only game in town. I only wish it were not so. (HOLIER THAN THOU--MARTY & ROBBIE CANTOR, 5263 RIVERTON AVE. #1, NO. HOLLYWOOD, CA 91601. \$1.50 ea, 3/\$4, or 5 International reply coupons)

Next comes INSCAPE from Don Keller. While not a bad zine, this seems far more sercon than my interests care for. The 'Why of LitCrit', a parody of both the John Carter of Mars and the Hoka stories, an overview of books available about Rubik's Cube, a piece discussing rock-poetry-philosophy, and aslew of book reviews/critiques may appeal to a goodly number of readers, but I couldn't get into it at all. (INSCAPE--DON KELLER, 943 N. 80th ST. SEATTLE, WA 98103. Available for "the usual".)

RHETORICAL DEVICE, from Clifford Wind, is an attempt to start up a discussion-zine in the mode of MYTHOLOGIES or KIPPLE. The subject matter in this issue--an attack on those who sneer at the religious beliefs of others and the reasons why Clifford's leaving his life-long church--didn't grab me, but they may appeal to others. (RHETORICAL DEVICE--CLIFFORD WIND, #206, 308 SUMMIT, E., SEATTLE, WA 98102. Available for "the usual".)

FUTURE FOCUS #14 BOOK OF LISTS hails from Future Focus Science Fiction Specialties (aka Roger Reynolds). This is a semi-slick, semi-prozine which--since no reader feedback shows up in its pages--appears to be purely an example of the editor's tastes and ego. FF hasn't a very good reputation, and this seems to be a poor example of its kind. It's a hodge-podge of material (making Cantor look good in his editorial accumen)--a review of BATTLEFIELD EARTH; a list of Books Read in 1982 (only 20!?!); a list of appearances-in-print/by videotape and cassettes by Larry Tucker's "Uncle Albert"; a humor piece by Ted Reynolds on lists of lists; an index of past issues; a cartoon strip by Larry Tucker; a melange of bits on the World of STAR WARS; a mish-mash of reprinted comic strips (GARFIELD, HAGAR, BC, SHOE, etc.) with no connection outside of Roger's whimsey; a list of "paraphilias" (defined as "deviations from normal sexual activities"); a non-explanation of Silly Poker Games by Ben Zuhl, a cute "DoZen 'Don'ts' of Fannish Poker" by Glicksohn; a checklist of works by William F. Nolan plus an unpublished (his first submission) story by him. (This was labelled by the author as "dumb"--I should waste my time reading it then?) There's also a bibliography of works by Joe Haldeman; the 1981 Hugo Awards; a poetical explanation of the Tarot's Greater Trumps by Gene Wolfe; and least as well as last, an assortment of menus from various restaurants (The Restaurant at the End of the Zine...*groan*)

This accumulation scarcely deserves the label of "fanzine". (Perhaps it's self-preservation that prompts Roger to skip a lettercol?) I like Roger, but his work only puzzles me. *Oh well* To each their own I suppose. (FUTURE FOCUS--FUTURE FOCUS SCIENCE FICTION SPECIALTIES, 1301 BERNARD AVE., FINDLAY, OH 45840)

Also included in the stack were the last two issues of the current editorial team's crop of RUNE (the Minneapolis clubzine). One was called BONG, actually, and served as RUNE's lettercol. The leas said about these the better--the new team cannot possibly do worse.

The Jewel of this bunch, glittering brightly by itself, was THE ZINE WITH NO NAME from Paul and Cas Skelton. (April 6, 10:42) For a number of years, Paul and Cas sent their variously-titled zines across the sea to my mailbox in return for copies of my zines and an occasional letter. I knew I was getting by far the best of the deal, and, when finances prevented continued publication of RESOLUTION and even, eventually, the luxury of overseas correspondence, it was no surprise to learn I'd been dropped from the mailing list of SFD (SMALL FRIENDLY DOG, though it bore various "alternate" titles incorporating the same initials). This effort, though quite different in scope, has a bit of SFD's friendly feel to it. As a rule, Paul's basic layout is plain and servicable, without graphic trickery save for typed borders around article titles, ToC's, and such-like, but this zine actually contains some art--spot illos by ATom (arthur Thompson), and Eric Mayer (illoing his own article), and graphic headings and endings done, I assume since

they weren't credited, by one of the Skelton's for a piece by Bob Shaw. SFD seldom contained material by others except for letters, but ZWNN is all articles and such; no local at all. A childhood reminiscence by Eric Mayer; an overview of John Wyndam's ~~fantastic tendencies~~ conservative writings by Marc Ortlieb; musing on the changes fandom has undergone since the 50's by Bob Shaw; the 6th segment of Dave Langford's TAFF report; the weakest item (alas, the longest--which is its main weakness...) is Ted White's rambling discourse on fandom-as-he-sees-it. Too much territory is covered, most of which has been surveyed in his other recent writings, and digressions conceal his subject too often and for too long. This would have worked better if tightened--at least by half--and seasoned a bit with Ted's own prescription for good fannish writing, a modicum of wit and wordplay. Included also is a grab-bag of quotes-without-comment from various sources; a quiz (short passages from SF works--the reader to name author and title from style of writing) which was impossibly tough for style-blind me; and some wordage by the editor. Lotsa interesting stuff, a good read, and a shining example of how good the british fanzines can be. (THE ZINE WITH NO NAME--PAUL & CAS SKELTON, 25 BOWLAND CLOSE, OFFERTON, STOCKPORT, CHESHIRE, SK2 5NW U.K. No mention of availability) Well, it's midnight, technically it now April 7th. I began this in a rush of fannish enthusiasm but today it's been in-lieu of The Project--drawing inked versions of the pencil sketches I'd done from the photos on hand of the FLAP crew. The visualizing paper I'd used for the pencil drawings wouldn't work with the electrostencil--the machine insisted that everything was dark gray, plain background and all--so I borrowed DaveLo's lightscope and tried tracing the sketches onto typing paper. No go. The density of the typing paper washes out too much detail from the pencil version. So...I have to trace the drawings with ink onto tracing paper, which I can then in turn trace over onto typing paper. Three separate renderings to get a finished copy. Tedious and frustrating since the pen-line is wider than the pencil-line and some of the faces are awfully tiny... but it looks like it should work out okay (hopefully better than the Xerox version). I only hope some of you still speak to me after seeing how botched up the resemblances are.

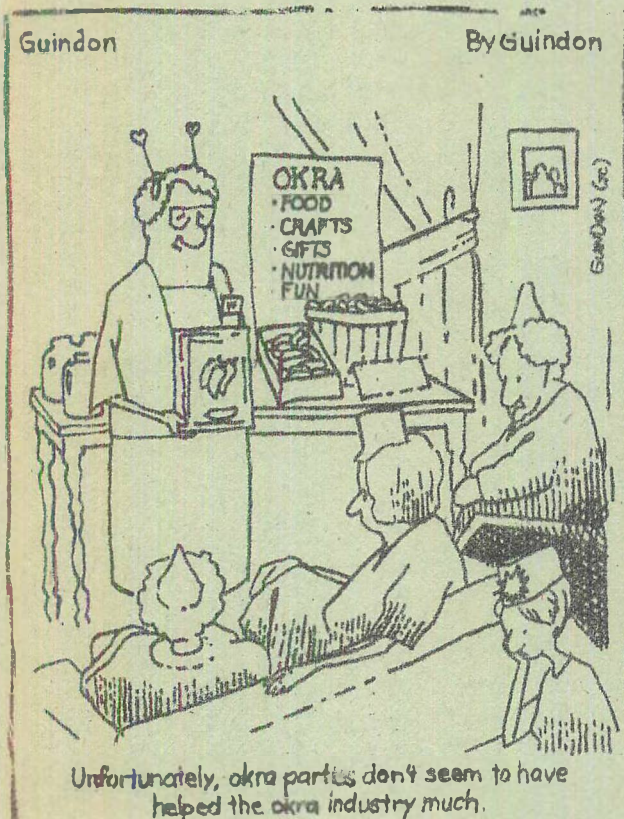
I'm awaiting paperwork from the Ohio Bureau of Vocational Rehabilitation (OBVR). After seeing Dr. Bridwell at University Hospital and listening to his proposal (a single stage operation--he tested my spine in the examination room and while under the X-Ray machine and feels there's enough flexibility to do the whole procedure in one shot) and then comparing pros and cons with the two-stage procedure suggested by Kahn, the choice seems clear. Only the hospital (Good Samaritan vs. University) is in Kahn's favor. Mr Leugers of the OBVR called last Friday while I was at the Endocrinologist's getting my lab results, and told DaveLo that my application had received "tentative approval" (only the third time I've heard that...) and that I had to choose which H.D. to go with so he can submit the final forms. I tried to get back to him as soon as I'd returned, but he'd already left for the day. Monday I phoned and he repeated what he had told DaveLo, but I told him I'd have to see Bridwell (my appointment was Tuesday) before making a firm choice. Tuesday afternoon, when I called to inform him of the decision, Leugers said that Bridwell would need to fill out some paperwork which I would need to sign releases for first. More waiting--but perhaps the end is in sight. (Of course Leugers did put somewhat a damper on things by saying..."if the budget allows it".) Bridwell informed me that the surgery can be scheduled 2-3 weeks after the financial arrangements are set. *Sigh*

Besides the shorter hospital stay (3 weeks vs. a month) the single-stage procedure seems to involve less pain than the 2-stage operation, since the 2 weeks in traction step is eliminated. Also there won't be a cast to be worn after surgery (Kahn's secretary said that fact had been changed in his procedure as well), but instead a brace would be needed for 9 months afterward. I'm not sure if that's an advantage. I really HATED the brace I wore for a short while we lived in Louisville, but then, it wasn't the right one for the job, either.

Enough blather, for the nonce at least. Now the raison d'etre for the apahacker--MC's... BRUCE ARTHURS -- LAST STAGE FOR SILVERWORLD #12 -- The story you relate about the lazy mail carrier points out the need for reformation of the Postal Union. It makes me sad to think how completely the Adversary

System of Justice has permeated our culture, even to our economic structures. Unions, instead of banding together to protect workers from management inequities, become unjust themselves. Instead of supporting the concept of pride--in one's work, in a job well done which deserves reward from superiors--unions become Guard Dogs, viciously fighting off any alleged threat to the job security of its members. Nothing is required to be a member other than to pay dues and assessments and to be employed in the area of the union's domain--certainly nothing is called for that would smack of "professionalism"; the enemy owns that territory). I was raised in a pro-union family, and I shudder to think of the problems workers would have if unions were to be disbanded, but I do believe that the thrust of unionism has been warped from the original aims. It's up to the competent ones within the unions to change those policies which protect the lazy and shiftless. After all, it's their reputations which suffer when public opinion judges the whole by the few. Unfortunately, people fear the incompetent--as you point out, they have no qualms at using any dirty trick in the book to protect themselves. Considering that without the union they'd have no job, what have they to lose by threatening those who'd insist on decent standards of performance to keep union membership. It's a problem for which I see no solution, although I do hope one can be found.

-- LAST STAGE FOR SILVERWORLD #13 -- Chuckled at your colophon. "Okra recipes" indeed! Jim Hagon, a member of Apanage (to which DaveLo belongs), ran an appropriate cartoon in the March Mlg. which if I rememberto, I'll try to copy for your edification.



Amused edification is what I got from the excerpt you included from HOW TO ATTRACT THE WOMBAT. I'd only recently viewed the episode about marisupials in the LIFE ON EARTH series and had suspected that the better bits were left out. Nice to have my hunch confirmed.

You're one of those Lucky Ones with a multi-pitch Selectric? *Envy* Having optional pitch range is what makes me faunch for Bernadette's Praxis 35, or the new, sturdier Praxis 40.

Though my Gestetner has its own problems, the sort of trouble you have with your mimeo isn't one of them. Do you put on an ink pad protector over the drum after a run? I've never needed to use one, but have heard that they help prevent ink-clogging difficulties. What kind of mimeo do you use? This is sort of besides the point, though. If I had access to a ditto machine, I'd use it for FLAP--much easier and cheaper all the way around--and keep the Gestetner for longer runs...like the mythical up-coming issue of RES.

Hope your shared computer comes back to you soon.

Also hope that you get away from the asshole at work RealSoonNow...

Gee, you were so sweet and gracious in offering to give Bowers a backrub-- I'm pleased that you found such merit in my sug-

gestion. Class, Arthurs, it shows class.

As you know by now, there's still no date for my surgery (no papers have come in from downtown for me to sign, either, but I should hav expected that considering past experience with the BOVR) but hopes are high. (I am, as you can tell, a slow learner...)

Attaboy, keep goading DaveLo to finish GALACTIC MIND-BOGGLE. He works on it in stits and farts, and it's a non-producing one that he's been in lately.

Your bedtime is 9:30 pm?!? Pray tell, at what ghastly hour do you awake to make such an early bedtime necessary?

Jon Stopa uses a belt "pouch" (more like a Civil War cartridge case, actually) in-lieu of a wallet and swears by them.

I gather then that you're sorta similar to DaveLo--you fear what you might do if you lose your temper, so you keep a tight rein on that emotion. You wouldn't fight--you'd kill.

Now, now. No one would put Reagan up against a wall and shoot him--he'd charm them outta the notion. If the "Revolutionists" really wanted to rub him out, they'd have to do it without formality--Hinckley's way.

Chuckled at your "Jim kept offering him a light" line--poor Webbert must've winced in pain when Bergeron reprinted that trip report of Willis' which revealed his younger, neoish, boorish self. One of the less pleasing aspects of fandom is the way your past can haunt you. I mean, can you (if you really worked on it) imagine that Taral might straighten up, leave twithood behind him, and have to continually re-read reprinted material which displays his past behavior? Be downright discouraging, I'd warrant.

There must be some sort of psychological principle--or perhaps a sociological one--that makes groups court growth. Not what I'd call "healthy" growth--attracting enough new people to offset natural attrition (that's sensible since none of us is immortal)--but numbers for the sake of numbers, perhaps because size fulfills some basic need as a measurement of "success". Look at how people will defend the deficiencies of LASFS by arguing that the 140+ members at each meeting show they must be doing something right. Sure it is--it's appealing to the lowest common denominator, making it something other than what the original members sought, and thereby turning off any interest others, who seek fellowship of like-minded people, might have. It's a plight too frequently found in clubs and con-committees. It's a tendency most of us in CFG have to watch out for. Bigger hotels, maybe a spot of programming, larger attendance to increase the club's coffers...insidious rot, is how I think of it, and it must be warded off at every turn. Seems the Booster-types have gotten hold of Lepracon. Sad.

Peter Toluzzi has moved to the U.S. (although he's already moved from his first place of residence). Looks like his new romance has fizzled, though, so who knows how long he'll stay?

Oh, Bruce. What a straight line! *"I can remember a time or two when Hilde and I have been hugging and she starts to stroke the bulge in my pants and I've had to tell her, 'Hilde, that's my hand'--relief."* I whooped and hollered and laughed till tears came. The possibilities are endless...they dart temptingly across the lobes in distracting array. My tongue aches from clamping down so hard. But nay, I'll not give in to such base urges. I won't say things like...no, no, I refuse to give in! ~~Let Sazi do it instead!~~ Why do you set people up like that? A streak of sadism in you? Or would that be masochism?

I used to keep every single fanzine that crossed my doorway. But when DaveLo and I moved, he ~~made me~~ suggested strongly that I lighten the load so we'd have room for our furniture and other trifles in the truck. So I *sob* culled the collection (tore my heart out, it did) and gave most of the duplicates and lesser crud to Bruce Pelz for his collection or the LASFS auctions. Sold a good 2/3rds of my books, too. ~~See what a don't star I live with?~~

Sorry to read about the Fanne who developed Power Neurosis. I've run across that before, mainly in the Windycon committee. Lynn Aaronson, never a sweetness--type to begin with, really went Bonzo with the chairmanship. Practically (hell, we did) had to revolt to get her to let loose of what was set up to be a rotating office. Shame, because it made her even more paranoid and bitter to boot. I see her every now and then at/with the Resnick's, and she's still able to rant and rave about the awful way she was treated. Nary a word about how deserving of it she was is mentioned, of course...

Quit pussyfooting around, Bruce. Do you like Tim Kyger or not?

ERIC LINDSAY -- MISSED MAILINGS -- First off, I want to congratulate you ~~for being so~~ ~~secretive~~ on acquiring a roomie (as I read in Jean Weber's WEBERWOMAN'S WREVENGE). Perhaps she'll help mellow you out more, or at least make life seem somewhat less of a drag to you than it seems to have been of late.

Yes, I

like the size of FLAP, too. Just right for my brief attention span.

Rick (Golman, I assume) brought "Blue Lightning" to a con? Do you mean "White Lightning"--aka "moonshine" or "corn squeezin's" or "corn likker"--or some other noxious substance? Al Curry once brought some genuine Irish Poteen (their version of the moonshiner's art) to a party at the Leighs. I took a token sip and left it to the Serious Drinkers in the group. Frightful stuff.

What is an "LSI3/05"?

"One of these days, Mike, I'll get back to Seattle, and certainly will phone." Since long distance rates are pretty much equal once you're past 250 miles or so, it's no cheaper to phone Oregon from Seattle than it is from LA., or Cincy, for that matter. Why wait for a trip to Seattle, in particular?

You read FAPA while mc-ing FLAP? Odd way of going about things you seem to have there...

using Don't know of any technical barriers to the Metrodome concept for a house. It might be that the motors used to power the fans which keep the roof inflated could be too noisy in a smaller area, but I really don't know.

You'll blame me if you get any White Castles in the mail? Why, Eric, how else could I make up for the Vegemite?

Right on! We must protect ourselves from those arrogant curs who'd take away our right to fan as we please! Stomp 'em out! Crush 'em! Fan our way or don't fan at all! Freedom preserved at all cost! Hail the Barri-cades! (Oh my, I'm just bursting with ~~patriotic aggressive violent dictatorial~~ fannish fervor.)

I'm not allergic to cats. Neither is DaveLo, or Denise Parsley Leigh, or Joni Stopa, or... Aren't we part of "everyone"?

Eric, you have become a Slave to your computer and its peripherals. It seems as addicting as alcohol, or dope. Beware...

ARTHUR HLAVATY -- PEPES TRISMEGISTUS 18 -- I fail to see how it is "probable" that "nationally franchised school chains" would arise because of the proposed school-voucher system. People have asked for improvements in all sorts of commercially available things for ages without results. Why would school providers be so willing to deliver what was requested rather than whatever was easiest and cheapest for them to sell? Uniqueness has always held a higher market value than uniformity or continuity, and I'd be more willing to bet that isolated, individuals schools would be more likely to arise, complicating and confusing the educational picture even more than it already is.

I gather (from the ads I've gotten) that the Praxis 40 is more suitable for heavy-duty use than the model 35 is, so it might perform better as a printer for a computer. Haven't heard any word-of-mouth on it yet.

Your ct (to Hulan) about the "similarity of titles" escaped my ken. Similarity between what? FLAP? INSCAPE? DILLINGER RELIC? THERE MUST BE CUPIDS IN THE BRINY? I see no similarities there...though I'm guessing you mean between INSCAPE and some previous title of Keller's (if so, I'm not familiar with his zines and don't know what it could be.).

Hmmm, you employ a "NEEP-NEEP ALERT" in yct Hulan, but seemingly abandon that useful "FOOTBALL ALERT" when commenting to Wixon. Were you rushed while you were doing this issue?

The "positive correlation between opposing abortion and favoring militarism and capital punishment has been established"--oh, by whom? What makes you accept "authority" in this particular case? ~~Just because it agrees with your biases?~~

Hmmm, I played "sandlot" (backyard & community

idealized theory--if personal freedom in all areas of life were granted, psychological cripples like child molesters wouldn't occur any more. However the ones we have now would still be with us, and there's no way to cull them from the populace before beginning a hypothetical Bright New Tomorrow.

The thought that our society, western culture if not the world's, is in danger now that we have no frontiers for our malcontents to flee to has occurred to me --but I don't limit the "pioneers" to only macho physical-force types. There are more than one kind of personality which would feel better off away from the constraints of our civilization, and I believe that people with such traits are valuable to a group trying to survive and function in life-endangering circumstances, like natural catastrophes, so their genes shouldn't be "wiped" from the general pool. There's no way to predict when or where such traits would be needed. It seems wiser to me to preserve those personalities uncomfortable with social/population pressures, and colonizing other parts of the solar system would at least give some of those people a place in which they could function without as much stress--on them or us.

I went "off" caffeine for a bit over a month a few years back and didn't note any difference at all--until I had that first cup of the Real Stuff. W*O*W! I felt wired for hours. Didn't care for the sensation at all (maybe if I'd been at a convention...), but after a day or two's exposure, the effect was no longer noticed.

DAVE LANGFORD -- CLOUD CHAMBER NINETEEN -- Belated Happy Birthday wishes. Nice to have fresh blood among our "untrustworthy" group.

The One Tun get-togethers sound like a necessary focal point for socially directed Brit-fans to depend on for continuity, but it sounds rather hellish to me. Noise, sweat, noise, crowding, noise--makes me wrap my arms about myself defensively and feel glad the CFG meetings (and convention con-suites) are the worst I have to endure to keep in touch. Thanks, but no thanks.

Read the 6th installment of your TAFF report in TZUNN, as noted earlier on, thanks to Bill Bowers who lent us a copy. Reminds me of something I'd been meaning to ask you about for some time now. Considering the hassles with exchanging foreign currencies, is there a way we could work out an arrangement something along these lines? There are several Brit-zines I'd like to sub to, perhaps you could do the ordering for us/me, and then we could credit your FLAP account with the equivalent amount (at whatever exchange rate was in effect at the time of ordering). The zines I'm most interested in are TAPPEN, EPSILON, any and all Skel-zines (though I'm not sure Paul & Cas accept filthy lucre for their efforts), and *coff* TWLL DU. Could this be worked out or do you feel it's too complicated?

JUDY STEVENS -- THE FRONTIER ALIEN #17 -- FLAPans display such a wide range of professional and hobby interests that, coupled with a lively sense of ~~business~~ intellectual curiosity, I doubt that relating of details of our activities could be called "boring" by any means. As my acquaintance with ceramics was limited to a two-year course in high school, I find your descriptions fascinating. Please don't feel you're imposing by fleshing out the picture of what you do on the job--it's quite the contrary.

I've seen barbed-wire collectors pawing through the debris found around the out-buildings at farm auctions in the Midwest. I gather pickings are poor in this area. The prime spots are where the country was in the process of being settled when the barbed wire industry was in its infancy and all sorts of designs and companies were around. Personally I find the hobby about as intriguing as saving the covers of matchbooks, but to each their own...

TIME MAGAZINE ran an article (4/11/83) about the possibilities that our recent weird weather might be caused by changes in the flow of major Pacific Ocean currents. Interesting stuff, although I'm not sure the cause-n-effect relationships have been completely worked out. It seems, to me in my ignorance, that it's just as likely the weather's causing the current to swerve as it is likely to be the other way around.

Your local group reminds me of the club I belonged to just before making contact with sf fandom--LEONARD NIMOY STAR TREK FAN 'CLUB' OF CONCERNED FANS (with a name like that, someone should've been concerned!). You have no

idea how relieved I felt to "find" fandom after that bunch! I don't regret the impulse that led me to shrug off my usual aversion to joining groups or clubs--if it weren't for the LNSTFCCF I never would've discovered fandom--but I didn't like/understand people with the "Movie Star Mentality" then or now. The club had an "Official Charity", too. I agree that it might have been in an effort to feel less guilty about being in such an organization that the philanthropical urge arose--ghod knows there was little other sense in its existence.

I just mentioned to DaveLo that I felt hesitant about leaping upon yct Joni about Taral. It would take reams to detail all the ~~diff we have on him~~ reasons to consider him a twit/twerp, and I'd really like to see what Joni has to say first...but DaveLo suggested I reprint a section of Taral's self-revelatory writings from his zine THE WORD FOR WORLD IS TWILLTONE (which looks like "TWITTONE" the way he rendered it). I just may do it sometime, but in the meanwhile, here's a little anecdote which may aid you in understanding the negative reaction he gets from a lot of fans. At OCTOCON a few years back (1976?) a young, semi-neoish fan got drunk. Most fans followed the old fannish dictum (we take care of our own) and nursemaided him until he could be talked into folding for the night (or simply passed out, if that came first). Taral thought the kid's condition offered an opportunity for fun--so he urinated into an empty cup from the con-suite and gave it to the drunk as a glass of beer. Taral regaled us with details about this wonderful prank and seemed genuinely puzzled and resentful that the reaction he got wasn't admiring of his cleverness but revulsion and immediate withdrawal from his vicinity. As far as I can tell, he's not changed one whit since then. (And he couldn't/claim the weak excuse of tender years--he was in his mid-twenties at the time.) How do I "keep a schedule like that"? What schedule? I don't have one that I know of. It's the very aimlessness of my days that kicks off the bulk of my depressions. Oh. You mean at cons. Sheesh, time spent at those things is different than RealTime, y'know, an entirely different plane of existence...

Why is it I get this mental picture of Dean standing in a cage, cracking a whip over these cowering little block-letter-shaped beasties? "Word-whipping", indeed.

No comments of any value to make about your poems (I'm poem-deaf, remember), but they gave out good vibes to me, for whatever that's worth.

(April 9th 1315) Thanks for filling us (well, DaveLo, actually) in with more on the DDT/DDE story. I still don't know what DDE is or how/why it develops in our bodies out of DDT (which I do know is spread pretty widely throughout all living things by now), but I'm not sure if the analogy to lead poisoning is accurate. Lead can be leached out of the body--children with "pica", who eat lead-painted chips from peeling wall surfaces and window frames, or who get an OD of lead from other sources, can be hospitalized and given some chemical (name of which I've forgotten) that "binds" the lead to itself and is then passed out of the body through the urine. Of course, some still remains, in the bones and organ tissues, but most can be eliminated, and if caught soon enough with little damage to the child's health.

Re: yct Eric--Cons are not only different from each other, they are different for each person who attends. It's a common question asked of people sharing a ride home from a gathering; "And how was your convention?" They're extremely personal and individualized experiences--as, I suppose, all experiences really are at the base...

Sounds like you captured the "charm" of a D&D game just fine in yct Lon. Matches the impression of the game I kibitzed at Steve Leigh's, and those I've glanced at during conventions. While I can see reasons why people enjoy the hobby, it's not the sort of activity I would like to ~~waste~~ spend my time with. To me the addiction seems akin to the one soap opera fans develop, only it offers a chance for participation. But it's still someone else's "creation" (the dungeon-master's), so I don't understand the claims that it appeals to your own self-expression. All and all, it looked rather tedious to me.

Me? Articulate? That's all paper persona, Jutz. I'm as tongue-tied as they come in person; too damn self-conscious.

Saw the blurbs for MYSTERIES OF THE ANCIENT WORLD some years back and was tempted to order it. Now I wish I had, sounds good.

Nicotine doesn't seem to be the problem in quitting smoking for me. It's breaking the *%&* habit of reaching out, lighting, puffing, and putting out for me. I've sat with my hands gripped together, gouching at myself, when the automatic gesture was begun and I realized I'd just had a puff a few minutes earlier. I moved my cigs off the table to a shelf behind me so I'll have a half-second's pause to be aware of what the heck I'm doing. Twice before--when I broke myself of thumbsucking at 13 and toing-out while walking at 16--I've made myself quit doing something strongly habitual, but this is, without a doubt, the toughest. One whiff of DaveLo's cigarette and the system starts to kick on "automatic" again. There are times it seems so damn simple--and others when it seems as if it would be easier to just stop breathing. *Sigh* No, I haven't even begun to really lick the problem...

Timebinding has been considered a sign of the Cosmic (a.k.a. fannish) Mind for decades. Of course it's reserved for only us fan-types, and of course this all written tongue firmly in cheek.

My concept of Fatalist is more akin to the one you gave as Realist. Being "resigned" to me doesn't necessarily mean "with apathy", it's more like "accepting without struggle". (I am "resigned" to pay taxes.) Even though some people don't believe in a life after death, it doesn't mean they fold their hands and simply wait out their life-seconds in a "What's the use" attitude. Same thing with those who feel we're all Doomed (which we all are; life being a terminal disease). Some accept it and go on, some accept it and fold up, some accept it and go pieces---ad infinitum. The reaction is extremely variable.

Ran across something you might be interested in, in Jane Yolen's Apanage zine TARADIDDLES. There's a fellow in Mass. (Jim Salem, in Shelburne Falls, MA), a potter, who makes chimney caps in the shape of dragon's heads, so the smoke comes out of the critter's nostrils. Might be something for you to consider, though I'm not too sure chimney caps are common in the arid part of the country you're in.

MIKE SHOEMAKER -- MUGGINS, MUGGLES & MUBBLEFUDGLES-- Darn it, I just read a bit in one of the Apanage zines which defined "Muggins", but it completely slipped from my memory. I believe you've answered this before, but just what does your title signify--maybe I'll hang onto the answer this time.

Re: yct Tackett--why would the fact that this world has people "who rule by guns and are willing to use them" affect his wanting to live in such a world? I don't want to live in a world under the threat of nuclear annihilation, even though that's the way it is. There's lots of things I wish were other than what they are...reality doesn't stop a person from wanting things to be different.

Re yct about surface mail to Australia being sent by air--painful as it is to admit, not all post office errors are to our detriment. It's only the ones that go the other way we complain about...

Rent-A-Heap, a national chain, has an outlet a couple of miles down the road from here. I see their sign from the bus en route to downtown Cincy or the hospital. \$12 a day, \$70 a week are the posted rates. Don't know what they require for a deposit though, the sign gives no indication. We may find out soon, since DaveLo has an up-coming interview in an area he can't reach by bus.

The fact that theft is not possible without the concept of property could be set down, shorthand-fashion, as "Property is Theft". You can't steal what is not owned, and once the idea of ownership is accepted then defending one's goods becomes the next step. However, I think the professor who included that as a final test was being too intellectually "cute" for words...

I don't find your bushwhacking stories "boring"--see my comments to Jutz. It's just that I have few comments to make about that sort of material. You can't always judge interest by size or number of comments.

I'm not sure how Eric indicated the Turing Test should be used (my copy of that Mlg. is at Joni's on loan), but I thought it was supposed to be posed in quite an open-ended format. If, by asking questions to an unseen responder, a person cannot tell whether a machine or person is giving the answers, then if it is a machine you may as well call it "intelligent". It's somewhat misleading, IMHO, since you address a program, not a

device, and the program is, of course, written by a person. The more intelligently the program is laid out, the more intelligent the machine will seem. However, it still would only seem intelligent, not be. Remove the program (disk, tape, whatever), insert another, and the results can be utterly different. The machine itself doesn't learn, no knowledge is impressed on its diodes or circuits permanently, it does only what it's told by its programs. Given a sophisticated enough program, though, and to all practical purposes, the machine's intelligence is a moot point. People tend to think of machines as being sentient already (naming cars, typewriters, etc.; cursing vending machines) and interacting with a computer as if it were intelligent shouldn't really hurt anything, except to the Purists among us.

DAVE WIXON -- THE BIG BRONZE FAKE #16 -- Thrilling saga of your early life. It's really a wonder that you didn't turn out Weird or sump-in after such an unmundane start...

I'm not positive, but I don't think Cincy ever hit any lower than 8° this past winter season. Though Spring has behaved as though we were leaving a horrendously frigid time, winter was really quite mild.

As you seemed to do, I felt sorry for the folks who are getting bad results from the wonderful weather we've been having. Though, since some Californians love to sneer at we who live in snowy climes and make rude comments about our tastes and/or intelligence, I admit to feeling a touch of smugness at their comeuppance. If only it weren't drastic.... Takes the fun outta gloating. (I sometimes wonder if Spielberg doesn't have a hand in all of this. Some L.A. citizens looked askance at the tornado he included in POLTERGEIST. They'd never seen such a thing...well, they have now. Several times, in fact.

Did you select you dentist because of his name (Junkovitch)? Sounds like the sort of ~~weird~~ ~~perverted~~ ~~perverted~~ thing you'd do...

Okay, we'll make it a rule: no teeth on the table at poker games. Maybe we could immortalize it. The Nixon rule, like the Lutz-Nagey rule that bans drinks on the table. (Are you really sure you want to take this route to ~~notoriety~~ fame?)

Martha Beck relayed the info that Minicon attendance was down this year (she didn't seem her usual enthusiastic self in her comments, either). Was it, d'y' think, due to the economy, or other factors (Dr. Bobism)? If it truly was poorer than normal, can she blame you and Joyce for not Doing Your Parts? Am I prying too much? Should I shut up? (Help! I'm stuck in the query mode!)

Whew That was close.

"TYVEK"

is a brand name for a woven-fiber material (olefin) (er, it's "Spun-bonded", not woven) made into envelopes that not even the Post Office's cruelest and cunningest handlers can hurt. White in color, extremely light, it WILL NOT tear, puncture, or be harmed by moisture. Almost indestructible, it's also expensive stuff. I've sometimes wondered how long they'd hold up in a remailing cycle--as if we'd send the Mlg. to you in one, you'd recycle it to submit your zine, we'd cycle it back to you with the next Mlg, etc. There could be a savings there as well as added security, although extras would be needed for those times a member doesn't contribute to a particular mailing. *Oh well* We still have lots and lots of Kraft envelopes and strapping tape to go through yet (buy in bulk and save). We bought 500 when we started this thing.

Yes, Suzi's picture is very outdoorsy. Looks even more so in color (her shirt is forest brown). No beads, leather. or feathers, though.

Langford seems to style his hair in a Welsh Natural...

Marty's eyes do seem somewhat red to me--it's due to his light eyelashes, I guess (or reaction to fannish hours and air pollutants).

I've only ridden on a motorcycle twice, but I thoroughly enjoyed it both times. I've never driven one, though, only was a passenger.

If you catch LOCAL HERO-- a film we saw last night thanks to free passes from Procter & Gamble

via Mary Tabakow and a ride from Bill Cavin--tell me how you formulate an ending for it. I liked it a lot, except that they forgot to finish the darn thing. Seems like 3/4ths of an excellent movie...

I used to have the same sort of strong gut reaction you made toward the hope-to-be-in-the-fireball attitude that Arthur expressed, but as years went by, my views have altered. Perhaps they've simply become more muddled and wishy-washy, but I can see merit in both positions. (I'm a Gemini, remember) Life for survivors will be harsh after a nuclear war, and whether one feels willing or able to cope with gruesome conditions seems such a deeply personal decision I can't call either view "wrong". Oh, as in the case with Abortion, I can quibble with the reasoning one uses, but never, never would I call anyone's choice "bad". People do what they have to do, and whether others consider it foolish or cowardly or brave or inspiring depends on their perceptions, generally made after the fact, and aren't usually the deciding factor. Gee, I don't think there's anything "above or beyond us"--though I believe it can be of value to act as if there were--and I don't consider the loneliness of that view a fact worth considering. If a man believes not in gods and yet is "good", who cares? Your beliefs don't concern me (in a practical, not an intellectual sense)--it's your behavior. Lovely line about the size "box" your books are in...

In my view, Fort tried to show--in some cases by reductio ad absurdum--that all philosophies have holes in them and that equally valid viewpoints can be conjured up to explain things. I see his writings as overly verbose Cautionings against accepting, blindly, common assumptions and/or authoritative dictates about the Universe and how it works. His books have bored me silly each time I've attempted to ~~wade through~~ read all his tedious examples of things that don't fit current theories, and his blue-sky "explanations". I guess it's because I already basically agree with that attitude, and don't need more proof, and more proof, and yet again more proof. We haven't, by gum, figured out all the answers (hell, we don't know all the questions, even!). Also, some of his "proofs" (or "examples") seem based on the flimsiest of evidence--but he was trying to make his point even with that (i.e. don't trust anything, not even what I say). He's confusing in many regards, and some of his (what I consider nonsensical) propositions--even if put forward rhetorically--have been accepted by some of his fans/readers as TRUTH--flying in the face of the very sin he decries practically in every chapter of his works.

(April 15th--1310) Ah! I see in yet Hulan that you mention "Dylanoid Relic", a zine from Don Keller--Hlavaty's cryptic reference suddenly becomes clear...

The "Forms" element is weird, no doubt about it. The "upper" case is actually smaller than the "lower". The term isn't really applicable, though. Let me try to explain: There are two alphabets on the "Forms" element; one activated by engaging the shift key, the other--bolder-faced and a bit larger--employed by keeping one's fingers off the Shift key. I'm assuming they're set up that way for times when, in designing a business form, one needs to put more info in a given space than the length of line would allow--you can "double up" your lines. To type, say, ^{10 reams} per case wouldn't involve adjusting the typewriter, you'd just shift to type "10 reams", backspace and type "per case" normally. However, since numerals and punctuation aren't included on both "cases", that feature isn't particularly useful and the element itself is a bummer for general typing. Have no fear, I doubt if I'll ever use it again...

I seldom use 10-pitch elements on this 12-pitch machine (ORATOR being the main exception), but DaveLo uses them almost exclusively (COURIER 72 and BOOKFACE ACADEMIC). The crowding of m's and o's and a few other letters bothers me too much.

Our "quibbles" about what David Hulan omitted from his trip report only confirm the old adage about not being able to please all the people all the time. (I thought he described the weather adequately--overcast & rainy with brief periods of sunshine--about the way I'd pictured Ireland's climate to be.)

Do I know what a baseball "bat" is? Grrr. Sometimes, Hixon, you're gonna push me too far. ~~Do you want what a Terry Bat?~~

Oops. Sorry 'bout that. I had intended to slash out "hanger-on" in that comment to Langford, but in transcribing notes to stencil my circuits shorted out. No insult intended. While "hanger-on" was one of the phrases used to describe that overly solicitous fan of Gordy's, I knew it didn't apply to the sort of friendly working relationship you have with him. Scuza me?

Y'know, yct Bowers struck a responsive chord in me. I've known Bill (not in the biblical sense) personally since around '73, with a few contacts-by-mail occuring earlier, and still know rather little of his personal affairs, other than what he's written of in his zines. I've also noted difficulty in "relating" to him at cons--far more interaction takes place at house parties or visits. Bill seems to shutter himself off in some ways. He's open enough in discussing other people, but when it comes to himself, he's not as willing to comment. At cons he seems "wired", albeit in a laid-back manner (not as paradoxical as it sounds), and it's hard to find the person beneath the facade. I don't find it surprising that, considering how seldom you see him, you feel that you don't know him, but I hope that doesn't make you feel it useless to read his material. You'll learn more about what makes him tick from his writing than you will by talking to him...if you bother to figure out the puzzle in which he sets his wordage down. It takes time, but a solution of sorts is there. Just playing around with the pieces can be amusing in and of itself.

JONI STOPA -- ANOTHER MIDWESTERN B.P. -- I can see it now, teeny-tiny Hilmot Mountain gnomes, crawling about everywhere inscribing serial numbers onto pizza crists, taco shells, etc. Single-handedly, the Stopa Financial Empire will defeat the unemployment problem. (And, no, DaveLo still refuses to relocate.)

Alexia & Bill? Who are they? Boy, it's been a long time since I lived in Chicago! Seems like there's been almost a complete turn-over in the fan population since 1977.

Why didn't you simply grab that second horse's bridle to lead it back to the stable? Seems like you chose a rather awkward way of going about the task.

Right-to-Lifers do put their "money where their mouth is", just as do the Pro-Choicers, via the taxes they pay. Also many of them support various funds and institutions which help single-parent families, as well as adoption agencies. That sort of off-hand remark is awfully close to the various political slogans found in right-wing handouts and bumperstickers--Better Dead than Red; America, Love It or Leave It, etc.

I think we should have a "Glories of Cottage Cheese" buffet at MWC--c.c. w/chives, c.c. w/pineapple, c.c. w/green onion... I could whip up some Cucumber Soup with c.c. as a base, maybe a pie or two, or crepes. All sorts of luscious goodies come to mind. Perhaps we could win some converts!

PAULINE PALMER -- MOCK FENNEL SOUP #12 -- So you commuted to Norwescon? DaveLo seems to consider that as a sort of "best of both worlds" deal, where I'm inclined to share your daughter's feelings. I want to stay put once I get to a con and saturate myself in its atmosphere.

There's a group of Toronto fans--supported ably by a bunch of Midwestern sympathizers--who also put on Chocoholic Feasts at cons. I avoid them, though; can't afford the calories.

I used to shudder at a teen-aged chum's favorite breakfast--cold pizza and Pepsi (the Pepsi was a constant, the pizza optional). Then I held a party one year back in Beecher, Illinois (Joni, Bowers, and DaveLo might remember it) with five or so huge home-made pizzas as munchies. In the ayem, those who stayed overnight sat bleary-eyed around the dining room table chewing the cold leftovers. Surprisingly, I found it tasted rather good, but the taste might have been enhanced by my hangover. I've never tried it since, though DaveLo has and says cold pizza is still good.

Good bunch of clippings in "The Lower Case" this time around. Could use up half a stencil just commenting on them...

LON ATKINS -- MELIAPHKHAZ #93 -- Chuckled over your "Dumb Stories", but they didn't
DEAN GRENELL BOISTERHOUSTE spark off any comments. Next time around?

DEAN GRENNELL -- BOISTEROUSTITI -- Is punning on a previous title permitted by FLAP's rules? (flip, flip, flip) A quick scan doesn't reveal any wordage to the contrary, so I suppose you're home free.

Sweater Girl, etc. refer to aroused and aware human heifers? Gee, I hadn't realized that. To me, Flapper and Bobbie Soxer were akin--though a Bobbie Soxer seemed to mean a teen-ager, but the others referred more-or-less to various types of "pin-ups", i.e. pictorial depictions of the feminine form. Don't know what the current catch-word is for that sort of person, though Valley Girl comes close. I'm pretty out-of-date when it comes to slang.

The key to our basement door is of the old-style "skeleton" type. I don't think our apartment building is practically neolithic, so apparently those kind of keys aren't as dated as you seem to think. Odd to think of how many anachronistic items are still in use, despite modern technological advances. Almost choked when I saw a film, set sometime in the late '70s, which used a fridge with its compressor on the top--thought those had all gone by the boards eons ago.

terms to kids--like how pillbox fortifications got that name--we're not born with a racial memory, after all. (To my mind, it's one of our species greatest weaknesses, while at the same time one of it's greatest strengths...) My kidlets didn't know what a mound of black stuff was next to the railroad tracks in Beecher, and when I told 'em it was "coal", they still didn't know what was meant by that. I recall my Grandma showing me how a buttonhook worked when I found one in her basement one year--there wasn't any button-shoes around, so my concept of how it worked is somewhat hazy--but the other stuff you mention (skate keys, ink wells, moustache cups) were still around and in use (well, moustache cups were kept more as antiques) in the '40s and '50s. You may be past your prime, Dean, but you're far from being prehistoric. Didja know that button-flies are semi-voguish now? Some things, like skeleton keys, simply refuse to fade away.

Your Mensa "quiz" croggled me...

DAVE LOCKE -- SLOW DJINN #18 -- Good review of Langford's book. I especially commend the way you echoed my feelings with "...I really had no idea that [he] could write a novel like this one." For all I know, DaveLa might consider that as a left-handed compliment, but I know that you (nor I) considered it that way. In my case, the reaction was due to the humor DaveLa imbues his fan material with. SPACE EATERS has some amusing lines in it, but a "funny" book, it ain't. It's a solid, hard sf novel, and that just wasn't the kind of book I would've expected Langford to write. Tackett should love this one...

I noticed your underlining gimmick, but kept getting distracted, so didn't follow through to the end of the message. If I finish up in good time, I'll go back and track it through, but if I don't, well, sorry 'bout that. Your hobby is not running over toads with a power mower (though we may hear them a lot, you haven't used one in ages), it's squashing cockroaches with your scotch glass. Don't mislead Bernadette, it's not kind.

I tend to read by subject (sf, suspense, most anything with a paleontological or archeological background, fantasy other than S&S or Heroic, good character studies or biographical stuff, natural history--most of which I need reviews of in order to find) rather than by author. Some writers I find always readable regardless of subject matter (Wambaugh, because of his grasp of character; Vonnegut, because of his world-view, (and because he's as depressed as I am); Asimov, just because he's Asimov...). I hope I never "outgrow" sf--even while I acknowledge that some kinds of sf seem of less interest the older I get (space opera stuff, mostly). I still read cereal boxes, too.

(May 2nd--1945) It's been awhile since I entered any natter--or mc's, for that matter. For the past 3½ weeks I've been on "Hold", awaiting the paperwork Leugers said he'd be

mailing. After it didn't show up in a reasonable period (2 weeks), I phoned his office. No luck; he was always either out of the building or away from his desk--and he has yet to return a call when I leave messages for him.

Thanks to Joni, DaveLo and I had a pleasant evening out a week or so ago. Caught an afternoon screening of Monty Python's THE MEANING OF LIFE (typical M.P. zaniness; the gross-out scene, IMHO, lacked any merit whatsoever, though) and discovered as the lights came up at the end of the movie that we were the only two patrons in the theater--it seats around 450 or so. My first "private screening". I guess, considering Cincinnati's conservative reputation, I shouldn't have been surprised. We next enjoyed a scrumptious feast at Prime n' Wine (I gorged on the house specialty--prime rib--while DaveLo stuffed himself with Shrimp Tempura. Both were excellent) and stopped at the State Liquor Store for some bottled treats to take home. Thanks a million, Joni; 'twas a terrific change of pace!

The next evening Steve & Denise Leigh hosted the CFG meeting, and Mike and Carol Resnick gave us a lift there. The usual crew of locals showed up, and we had a fine time. Joel Zakem (who drove us home) had held the previous meet (that we missed) and said a few out of towners had shown up--Cliff Amos and another Louisville fan, and Jane Boster--a KY fan who is a CFG member but doesn't show up all that often--and her boyfriend Scott, who hails from Maryland. Steve Leigh suffered a severe asthma attack and Denise had to rush him to the hospital. It came about so quickly that few people even noticed until it dawned upon them that neither host had been seen for awhile. The Resnicks hung around later than their usual wont in case we wanted to ride back with them, but finally left at 12:30. Denise still hadn't returned by 1:30, when we left with Joel, and we found out the next day that Steve had been kept overnight at the hospital.

Bill Cavin had hoped to pick up the 3M diskettes I'd ordered for him through my Quill account, but, naturally (since this was the first time I had ordered anything from them for Cavin), the order was botched up. First time in nearly 10 years they'd made a mistake. Took over 2 weeks to get it straightened out!

(May 1 -- 1983) And yet more time slips by *Sigh* Finally got Cavin's order to him, took from the 29th of April to the 12th of May... Company's choose to darndest times to stop being their efficient selves!

Since the last entry, Leugers finally was contacted. Seems the OBVR has expended 90% of its budget for the fiscal year (Oct-Oct), and there's not enough funds to pay for the surgery. It's now sitting on the back burner. DaveLo and I filed for welfare, in order to meet Medicaid requirements, and I also had to refile for Social Security Disability and Supplemental Security Income as a stipulation by the State. *sigh* We spent over seven hours downtown going from place to place, sitting and waiting and then filling out reams of paperwork. We also filed for Food Stamp, and found we qualified for \$94 a month assistance there--that'll be a big help! So now it looks like we sit and wait for yet another bureaucracy to process my claim

Spent last (this?) evening watching video tapes at Bill Cavin's. Saw THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH, THE SWORD AND THE SCORCERER, and BODY HEAT (ranked 2-1-3 by my lights), shared a pizza and swilled CFG scotch (argh! I'm desperate!) in our diet Pepsi. Dave's now on some State program which takes the place of the Federally-funded unemployment extention he was on--Ohio's unemployment rate fell below whatever percentage is needed to qualify--so there's only 11-13 weeks of benefits to look forward to. Our guts are churning...

My daughter Sandy and son-in-law Greg phoned on Mommy's Day (as did son, Kurt the youngest, Brian, apparently has forgotten I exist) and relayed the news that they'd be in town for Midwestcon, the 24th of June, and will stay until the 3rd of July. Since the airline tickets cost them \$259 apiece, they delayed putting in a telephone for awhile. It'll be good to see them; it's been well over a year since they moved to Texas. (Back to RealTime, and continuing with comments to DaveLo...) While I do share to a certain extent the problem you and Eric have with voices blurging together in a group, I also find that, if I can manage to tune out the voices other than to which I'm trying to heed, I do so completely that I become oblivious. Someone could yell "Fire!" and

I'd be wondering if was my deodorant that failed when everyone ran away.

Well, the chair you were sitting on while commenting to Dean didn't actually pitch you to the floor, but when it started leaning starboard some 30° and an examination of its underside showed that the welding had broken loose completely around the post (save maybe for a quarter-inch or so), it was retired immediately from service. Hope the aluminum lawn chair you're now using holds up for a decent length of time--ghod knows when we'll be able to get new dining room chairs...

Have you ever worn long underwear? (I can recall, very dimly, wearing some pink, ribbed (or waffle-textured) two-piece thingee as a young tad. Nothing like a union suit, but still close enough. About all I can remember about them is the hassle involved in changing from the skin out whenever my boots would spring a leak--the darn cuffs around my ankles would get soaked, so everything had to come off in order to change to a dry pair. Quite inconvenient. Don't think my Mom got any more for me after I turned four or five or so.) I gather from yct Nixon that you don't look kindly upon such items of clothing and wondered if it was from bad experience or just the general connection with Winter that turns you off.

Gee, you really waxed enthusiastic when you recommended Midwestcon to Becky. It read more-or-less like you were saying: since it's the local con, I just might go, so why don't you? As MMC is my favorite fan gathering (in the "conventional" sense), I find that more than a bit offhand as a recommendation. You're supposed leap about and shout...

I'm really not sure just why murder-by-arbortion is worth an automatic excommunication while the other kinds aren't, but I would guess it's because you're doing away with an unbaptized, unborn person (though why, then, it wouldn't be equally sinful to do away with any unbaptized person I don't know).

Well, yes, we did swallow more than a bit of the Hard Stuff while Glicksohn was visiting us in Louisville, but that was but one visit--Eric seemed to be in town every other week or so, and my liver is only now beginning to recuperate.

Well, changing "my books" to "books I don't want to get rid of" does put a different slant to the matter. My quibble is quashed.

The people who wanted to yank Huck Finn from the library shelves because of its racism were missing the point. It's not a "racist" book, though there a many racist terms in its pages. It's a book that shows how a youth in a racist society learns that color isn't what makes a man into a desirable human being. Since it was not only set in a racist period, but was written in one to boot, its liberalness is even more striking. Too many censor-minded people get tripped up on catch-words, rather than looking for the ideas contained in a book.

BERNADETTE BOSKY -- TO ALL INTENSIVE PURPOSES 2 -- What on earth is Nello?

Go ahead, keep on flaunting your Praxis. Doesn't bother me a bit *grunch*

Congrats on advancing steadily upon that degree. How long do you suppose before you'll do your dissertation?

Fal-conry puns? We're all jess folks here, Bernadette.

I've noted on the weather-casts that Durham has gotten shat upon this Spring. I recall Polly Freas raving about the glories of her neck of the woods a year or two ago (they don't live all that far from you) and wonder if they've considered moving after this past season. What more can be said? It's been one hell of a weird time...

Personally I don't care for changing titles in an apa, but, really, it's up to the writer. Do whatever pleases your fancy. (As if you didn't intend to already...)

I subbed to INFO for a year or two back in the early '70s. Don't recall now how I even heard about it, and though I found the zine to have some interesting data in its pages, there seemed too much a trend toward UFOism for my tastes. (Just checked; I still have issues 8,9, & 10 in my files, dated '72 -'73)

I would take "askanse" as meaning that one more-or-less looks at something that's going on that doesn't meet fully with one's approval and cocking an eyebrow. It's not actual displeasure, but not all that far from it, either. Not sure just how DaveLo defines it.

"Touchie/feelie" and "group grope" seem different to my mind. More of a sexual connotation to the latter. Fondlecon, for instance, while being very sensual was about as far from sexual contact as an American Legion Fish Fry is from an orgy. Some of the group gropes I've seen in Motel lobbies practically make me blush--wish the participants would go elsewhere for their foreplay (I mean, after all, if I'm not in the game, why watch?).

See, I grew up in the Chicago area (born there, raised in Harvey/South Holland), and I sure don't recall ever hearing of Ed Gein. The details you mention--the heart on the stove, tanning human skin--reverberates somewhere in the memory cells, though, but I associate it more with stories of Nazi atrocities. If you do write up that article on him for E*O*D, I hope you run it through your FLAPzine as well.

I'm terrible about looking things up--seldom can remember just where I've read a certain item (and too often it was in a magazine or library book that I don't have on hand any more), and jotting down interesting facts in a notebook never occurs to me until it's too late. I think keeping track of interesting tidbits would be one use to which I'd put a computer--assuming I could develop the work habit of entering the stuff, that is.

DaveLo and I gave out pennies and nickels to the trick-or-treaters out in California, and judging by the kid's remarks, they loved it! ("Hey! Wait'll you try their place; they give HONEY!") Maybe the younger generation is more mercenary ^{than} we sent mental ole fogies.

I had to chuckle at your reaction to the kangaroo's migration from vagina to pouch. Wish I could explain just why I found your gross-out so amusing, but it simply tickled the dickens outta me. Perhaps it's because you discuss blood-n-gore things so casually and yet were so repelled by the sight of the embryonic joey while I found it just fascinating to watch. Dunno, and I'm sure that amusement is not the sort of comment you would like to get, but that's the way it is...

Some local Cincy folk are up in arms because the zoo, which specializes in breeding rare white tigers, sold a trio of the animals to an entertainer who performs in Las Vegas (a wild animal act, I think). The cries of outrage are unbelievable! To be put on the stage somehow demeans the tigers, while living in captivity in a zoo is simply Heato-Keen. While I don't find the idea particularly attractive, I'm not upset about it. The Zoo needs income (it's not supported by taxes), and they've got more white tigers than can be comfortably housed. I suppose the people who are yelling would prefer the Zoo to euthanize their excess population rather than "enslave" them to a show-business act.

There's an economic statistic I'd never heard of until today--a rating system based on the number of job offerings in the want ads. Have no idea how/who/why it's set up, but apparently it Bodes Ill for the jobless folk (like *choke* DaveLo). The rating is at its lowest point in ages, and dropped a point after holding steady for a third of a year. *Sigh* (Why do I read such depressing stuff like that, much less transcribe it to stencil?)

It wasn't necessary to be or know a "rich kid" in order to go riding when I was growing up in Illinois. There were several low-cost stables in the south suburbs--two in Markham and Olympia Fields were the ones I used most regularly. Costs ran \$1.50-\$2.50 an hour and both had acres of fields you could ride in. One of the biggest mental shocks I can recall getting was the Spring we drove out to Olympia Fields for the first ride of the year, and found the old farm the stables were located at had been turned into a new housing development. Seemed like it ^{was} done over night! My Mom and I just sat in the car, our jaws agape in astonishment. By the time I was 18, there weren't any stables left in the area that I knew of. Another era passeth...

There are two kinds of card games at the cons I attend: the "for-fun" sort I prefer, where conversation with the players and others is allowed, and the "big-time" games where it's the Game & Cash that matter. The former are usually

held in the con-suite or an open-door room party, while the latter are held in out-of-the way meeting rooms or behind closed doors in someone's room. I've dropped on by the Big Games a few times and find them boring to watch. The "for-fun" games can be amusing to kibitz, and joking around is part of the pasttime.

Loved your Amanda Break--your sense of humor is going to be a good addition to the group.

Your cats have sloppy litter-box habits, too? Scamp's lapses in that area almost are enough to make me take up DaveLo's always-wear-slippers regimen.. (Not quite enough, though. Bare feet are simply more comfortable for me.) The crunch of cat litter underfoot, while not actually painful, is rather irritating to the tootsies. And how she can dump so much litter on the floor and still not get her shit covered is beyond my ken...

MARTY HELGESEN -- LENT IN THE FAST LANE (21 FZ) -- I don't know if the fallopian tubes have a "daily use", but the ovaries produce hormones that are useful in a woman's life. (I know that has nothing to do with the point you trying to make to Arthur, but I couldn't resist ~~inserting it~~.)

Interesting material about Margaret Sanger. It should always be kept in mind that there are wrong-headed attitudes even among people who seem to be in the "right" groups, or people who support worthy causes for the "wrong" reasons. (Howsomever, I should confess a slight agreement with some of her views--the human race would be better off if some of its defectives were not allowed to propagate themselves. Since I find it impossible to formulate a scheme for doing so that would/Violate my notions of Justice, though, it's a moot point. The main stumbling block, of course, is that My ideas of Defective are not necessarily everyone else's, nor vice-versa. I can recall viewing some interviews done by some civil rights group (ACLU?) with retarded black girls who had been forcibly sterilized. The audience was supposed to be indignant at the concept--I thought it wasn't all that bad of an idea, even while acknowledging that such a program should not be allowed to exist because of the opportunity for tyranny it offers. First retardates, then those whose attitudes are "socially defective", then thee and me....) I find myself curious about something, though. If Sanger considered herself to be part of the Superior Portion of humanity, how many children did she have? It would seem most sensible for someone who held such views to bear as many "genetically well-endowed" children as possible.

Aha! Another convert to Princess Bride Groupism (Groupie-ism?) Welcome!

The biggest hassle I have in coming to terms with the credit-voucher system for education is that it offers the bigots and self-deluded among us to perpetuate their ignorance among their young. At least, in a public school environment, children have a chance at interacting with ideas and concepts not found in the home. It wouldn't be necessarily Quality Education parents would be looking for, it could as well be education which follows a particular ~~stupid~~ philosophy, like Creationism or Moral Majority attitudes. Besides, the current practice of having parents pay more for educating their kids in, say, parochial schools than in public school ~~was good enough for my parents, so should be good enough for the rest~~ has some merit. Teaches one the meaning of sacrifice, for one thing...

Citing Rev. Fletcher's arguments for infanticide underscores one of my deepest fears about the acceptance of abortion.

Hmm. Why did you assume Dean would choose a "presumably lethal" device for his title? Just because he edits a gun magazine doesn't make him a vicious brute, after all.

Why won't you say something about your trip to Russia? Too involved, lacka time, or what?

TRYING TO STAY IN PLACE (AGAIN). 2 -- JOYCE SCRIVNER -- And apologies for messing up my format when I typed your name and zine title. Brain slipped off the track for a while there...

The 25¢ it cost to call you has been duly noted in your account--whaddya think you'd get? A free ride? (We're two tough hombres here, and don't you forget it!)

Phooey (oops, forgot to check the typeball...), here I thought you were warming up to give us a load of the Hot Skinny, the Nitty Gritty, the Real Lowdown and instead all we get are excuses. I'm sorry to hear that your other apa has intimidated you so. ~~Best~~ Serious discussion of interpersonal relationships in a social setting can be instructive and illuminating. ~~Best~~ ~~we promise not to tell anyone!!!~~

that you're depressed. Being too often in that same boat, I know it's no fun. Hope things lighten up for you in the near future. Good luck on the nose surgery. I recall how my brother looked after removal of some polyps from his nose, so I'm reasonably sure you'll look and feel like hell for a few days afterward, but the benefits should make that a small price to pay. (Crying through your nose? Sheesh!)

A visiting FLAPan came by and no one-shot resulted? Shame! You and Horvat haven't been heeding DaveLo's example. And here he tried so hard to teach us all the correct mindset to have...

Amen to your comments about giving and receiving--anytime I have anything to give, it's seemed the simplest thing in the world to do so (and a heck of a lot of fun, to boot), but I haven't got the hang of having it the other way. Perhaps it's being in the position of needing "gifts" that irritates the most. I dunno, but I wish I could be more gracious and open with my thanks. Instead, I choke.

DAVID HULAN -- FENRIS 33 -- Glad to read that Marcia's settling down happily in her new job. Sounds like a vast improvement over her old position, and light-years in advance of the one she turned down. How soon do you think it'll be before she starts being so darn well-paid that you can "retire" and write the Great American Kidlit Book? (You know, I know you want to write, but I don't know what sort of material you intend to produce. Maybe it's the G.A.Novel that's simmering on the back burner. Care to illuminate?)

That flood really sounded like something to set permanently down in the memory banks. If I'd been Marcia, though, I think I would've been more inclined to swim (at least side-stroke) my way home than wade in that deep of water. It's hard going when the waves reach waist-high--that's about the point I start swimming when going out into a lake or pool. Hope that by now the weather situation has eased up for California--enough is enough!

Pneumonia, too?! Are you sure you guys didn't sneak over into my reality? This sure reads like Kenning...

If we ever do another photo-page Xperiment, we'll keep your offer of repro service in mind. Right now, I think we're both pretty tired of the subject...

Even if I had the money, I don't think I'd trust someone else to do my grocery shopping; not because of the money factor, but because I'm so darn picky about the items I want. DaveLo's been doing the bulk of the shopping of late, and it's rough on both our nerves--mine when I make the list and fret about what I'll get in the sack, and DaveLo's when he knows each and every discrepancy is being looked at. To do one's own shopping may be a hassle (I hate it, actually) but it's the only certain way to insure the material you need for making meals is what you want. (And making detailed lists--specifying brands, alternates, sizes, price ranges, etc. is almost as time-consuming as going up and down the aisles of the store.)

If you think a pencil draft of an apazine is silly, what's your reaction to one done in ink? That's how mine got started (though I generally end up doing the last portions on stencil). What's the next step down from silly? Ludicrous?

Darn it, we both thought you had a reason for putting that map in up-side down. Our first reaction was to correct it, but then we thought a bit and realized that Hulan would never (Never? No, never) make a goof like that... Shows what happens when people have too good an opinion of your abilities.

Eric sent me one of those "upside-down" maps, but the printing was rightside-up--don't think your alternative "excuse" would've been bought.

Eye-appeal is a large factor in the enjoyment of one's meals. While I don't mind (in fact, I sorta prefer) the white to show up in scrambled eggs (just so the yolk isn't all lumped into shimmery, golden-colored lumps instead of nice yellow curds), I can see how it would bother someone who prefers it otherwise to have their food look distasteful.

I don't see why adding "Perhaps" to a sentence would make it impossible to lie. I can, for example, say; "Perhaps I find Reagan an admirable person," and I'd still be lying...

I think regularity in doing mailing comments is a goodly portion of the mystique, and you'll undoubtedly find more mc's addressed to you now that you've begun doing your own in succeeding issues. It seems so useless to speak to someone who never replies. Good advice you give to Dean, and I'm pleased to learn you intend to give the practice a thorough Test.

Give one of our Hawaiian Islands to a bunch of crooks?!? Why not some atoll out in the middle of nowhere? I'd suggest Bimini, but the natives seem to want it back for some reason--to each their own taste, I suppose.

No, in all the years I've done tax returns, I've yet to have the with-holding come out correctly. Even when I was doing them only for myself, and took my allotted exemption, I still wound up getting money back. That was one reason I wasn't keen on the idea of withholding for savings accounts--it would mean that the guvmint would take even more cash than it needed to, because even including savings interest in our returns, we still were getting refunds (by "we", I mean both Wally & I, and DaveLo & I, though Dave and I file separate returns). It baffles me why whoever is responsible for setting up the withholding tables that the employers use would have so much difficulty in getting them right, but that's the way it's been for well over twenty years in my experience. I could understand a few percentage points of error, but I'm talking about overages in the 20% range...

Talking about hollandaise sauce is making my mouth water, and it's too close to that tempting hour when a few munchies sound really good. I really should know better, and try to time the reading of your zine directly after a large meal...

I didn't know that using the "Forms" element would be traumatic until I used it. He had it on loan and wanted to see how it cut a stencil. Now we know...

My surgery now has evaporated from the Near Future, alas, alack, and other expressions of dismay. My nerves feel as if they'd pulled to the breaking point and then, suddenly, all strain was released. They're still "twanging" more than somewhat. I feel really shitty about the whole subject, as you can imagine.

Certainly you can find more instances of me calling your football natter boring than of you calling tennis boring--you talk about football ~~to excess~~ far more than I ever mention tennis. (And nyah-nyah to you, too!)

Since I prefer my coffee to taste like coffee and my booze to taste, well, sticky-sweet, Irish Coffee isn't to my tastes either. I order one occasionally to remind myself of the fact, and once in awhile I'm surprised by a good batch.

I guess my reaction to "wide open spaces" depends on your definition. West Texas is about as wide open as you can get, and I dislike it utterly, but fill the spaces with trees and hills and pretty stuff like that and I find it neat. Miles and miles of nothing but miles and miles is pretty tedious territory to mine eye.

I gather White Castle sent a huge number of their "burgers" to Lebanon--something like 80,000 or so. Cost more than a "few bucks", even without shipping. I think their prices run about 38¢ each (about a three-inch square sandwich), and it takes at least three to make a meal--five or six is better. (Once I ate *gulp* 30). They now ship anywhere in the country that's serviced by national airlines, but it's an expensive deal--100 burger minimum, and that goes for around \$80. I like the cussed things, and I'd never consider it worthwhile.

Good try at defending your ol' buddy, but he's already ~~surrendered~~ altered his original statement. Since he had said the box would be "reasonable" in size, that defense wouldn't have worked, anyway.

As I mentioned earlier in this zine, it is indeed the "habit" (excuse me while I light up) aspect of cigarette smoking that's the Big Hurdle to surmount in giving up. Since I don't find it all that much a strain to maintain a ½-pack-per-day consumption level, I may simply stay parked on this plateau for awhile--god knows/^{the} main motivation (upcoming surgery) isn't immediatly pressing. The cost of paying for a carton every 3 weeks or so, vs. the old rate of a carton every five days, isn't much of a strain (with our negative cash flow, though, any expenditure is a strain), so the financial aspect has virtually disappeared. One thing has changed somewhat: I can see myself as a non-smoker now, which was fair well impossible for me not so long ago.

Yes, I didn't get the wording of that thought straight. I meant that the standards for being, say in grade 6, would entail a certain level of proficiency in language, math, etc., which all students in that grade would have. Some could be more advanced in some areas than others, but all would have reached at least the same level overall. Nowadays, being a sixth grader means you're about 10-11 years old, and that's about all, it certainly has no tie-in with degree or stage of education. When my Grandmother was a child, 6th grade was thought sufficient education, particularly for females, as all the "basics" had been learned. She could read, do her sums, multiply, divide, etc., and knew enough to get by in the day-to-day world. How many sixth graders of today could end their schooling and manage to make a living? Not many, I'd warrant. In making education available to all, the emphasis seems to have been placed on the word "all" rather than "education", or "available", and--in so doing--the value of a grade-school, or high school, and even college diploma has been watered down. About the only place where achievement, not longevity, counts any more is in graduate degrees. There, you still have to produce at a certain level, not merely put in your time. (Whether what's produced is of any worth is debatable, but simply sitting on your fanny won't do.)

"Joseph Conrad may have shown that it's possible for a native Polish speaker to develop an excellent English style, but Korzybski demonstrated that is wasn't easy." That line made me laugh so hard I had to wipe the tears from my eyes in order to continue. ~~THOUGH THE ETHNIC JOKES WERE TROWNED AT IN POLITE SOCIETY!~~ I'd guess, then, that reading Korzybski's work would increase one's estimation of Conrad's talent? Assuming one could stand up to the sheer drudgery...

I tried to encourage DaveLo to include a few of Lasher's columns for Hopfner's ~~editi~~ perusal in Apanage, but he didn't show much interest in the idea. *Sigh* Yes, I can well imagine that John's hackles would rise at Lasher's linguistic pronouncements on various grammatical concepts held near and dear to Purist's hearts.

SUZI STEFL -- JUXTAPROSE JOURNAL #21 -- Sorry you missed the deadline and were forced to postmail in order to maintain your streak.

Personally, I wouldn't have bothered; the expense would've intimidated me too much. But I realize that there are those to whom such things are Important. Glad you made it (next time start a bit earlier...)

My purse was stolen in the early 70's, and I think the most disturbing part to me at the time was that I'd lost the "first curls" I had of each of the kids which I kept in my wallet, behind their photoes. It was dumb of me to keep something of such sentimental value in something so easily lost or stolen as a wallet, but there you are. I did, the thief did, and now I don't. The security cops at the hospital checked all the washrooms and trash bins for the next few days, but my thief wasn't as considerate as yours was. Glad your gift was returned to you, as you say, seldom is it the cash that's important, it's the stuff that doesn't mean piffle to anyone else but yourself.

You've banged yourself quite a bit in protecting Jona from injury, haven't you? But then you always were more than a bit accident-prone. Hope that's a trait not passed along to your offspring...

Is "plinking" a term used in bowmanry(?), too? It certainly has the right sort of sound to it...but I've only seen/heard/in reference to pistol shooting, where you go out in the woods/fields and shoot at tin cans, or other "targets of opportunity", rather than shooting at ranges or at offishul paper targets.

A person not only never looks up as they enter a car, they hardly ever look up while in a car. Every so often, more frequently now that I'm usually a passenger rather than the driver, I look at the ceiling of a car while riding, and it's surprising how scuzzy most of 'em are. I checked out Buick while Bowers was driving to Confusion and almost choked. (I had looked at it when we first bought it, but after a year the smoke-stains had gotten worse.)

For all I know the Cult may have initiated the use of *sigh*, but like thermos and scotch tape (and even Monopoly!), the term's gone into Public Domain, and it'll stay in my typing vocabulary. I'm not sure where it was that I first saw it, but, as is obvious, I like it.

Agree: there are few pain-sources that can match aching teeth. My teeth are in dire need of work, but so far there hasn't been that sharp pain that will force me to go to the dentist--I HATE DENTISTRY! Loathe and detest it, too.

surprised to hear about the Stilyagi/AASFS split--really wondered why it hadn't happened soon^{er}. In any case, I too will be curious to see how Confusion survives. (Of course, with Martha Beck and Mike Resnick as Fan and Pro GoHs, there's no way I'd plan on missing the con next year...) As long as Tucker, Tucker, and Zeldes can get enough volunteers to pitch in with things, the convention should keep right on rolling along. How many people belong to the AASFS? Enough to provide the numbers of gofers and department heads a con needs?

000 000
Okay, gang. Here I am with 55 lines to fill and absolutely nothing to write about. Oh,
I could mention the Insidious Plot that's been going on (instigated by Langford) but the
proper place for remarks on that is in the next mailing. Needless to say, since we do
read incoming zines as they arrive, we were mightily puzzled for awhile, but we know a
joke when we see one (s-u-r-r-e we do...) and hope you all get as big a kick out of it
as we did. Revenge SHALL BE TAKEN, OF COURSE, SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE!

DaveLo and I had gone the entire month of May without a drop of liquid with an alcoholic content (come to think of it, I didn't do any baking, so even vanilla flavoring wasn't used). The 31st we (make that me; I instigated it) cracked and as Dave was making a trip to the Plaza where the State Liquor Store was located, he picked up a bottle of rum on his way home. Guess we were thirsty--we killed all but two shots in one evening. The odd thing about it was, except for an initial "buzz" after the second drink, we had no accumulated effect. We definitely were drinking it for the taste and nothing else. Bowers dropped by to pick up the three-days-worth of CINCINNATI ENQUIRER we'd gotten for him while he was up in Toronto, and I think he was feeling the two drinks he had more than we were the five or six we had (of course, he was in a state of exhaustion: we weren't). Things are getting might slow when the mere fact of having/had something to drink makes an impression on me. Oh well...

Martha Beck sent me a box of books on loan--since they arrived on the 27th, I just acted as if they were my b'day gift and got all excited about it. I've read FRIDAY, by Heinlein (do not understand the praises it's been getting--thought it rather dreary, almost plotless, and far more concerned with expressing RAK's notions on group sex/marriage and what the various characters ate than a story), and TITAN, by Varley (really liked the fast-paced adventure in this one--makes me want to re-read WIZARD now that I have the background to it), and am midway into TALES FROM THE VULGAR UNICORN, a collection of S&S stories, edited by Bob Aspirin, set in a common "universe" (not really my cuppa, but readable enough of its type). Oops, forgot PSION, by Joan Vinge--a Young Adult book which was quite readable, concerning the training of a "blocked" telepath some 500 years hence, but suffered from pacing problems.

Find myself looking forward to Midwestcon more and more the closer it gets. Brings back memories of looking to Christmas as a kid, and it's not a mindset I like to get into. I can't really recall ever enjoying a convention I've looked forward to with any great degree of enthusiasm/anticipation--I mean, they were okay, just nothing to get excited about. Whenever I develop expectations, they're so high that no reality could match 'em, so I prefer not to have any at all. Well, I never claimed I was normal...

Speaking of Language

By William E. Lasher

CLIP ARTISTS

Most readers write nice letters, commenting on something I've said or asking interesting questions. There are a few, however, who indulge in what I call the "clip and correct" school of letter writing: they clip something out of the paper, make "corrections" in red ink, and mail it off to the offending writer.

This procedure strikes me as odd. First of all, these people never write a letter, nor even a complete sentence in most cases, to explain what they're doing; this leads me to wonder if they do write letters or complete sentences, or if they just correct the faults they find in others' writings.

Second, they seem to be interested in the form of the writing, but not the content. They remind me of the high school teacher who, when I used an example sentence that ended in "won't you," replied, "But I could never use that example in my school: we don't allow our students to use apostrophes." She never did understand the example.

What kind of person would do this sort of thing? One who feels very strongly about the English language, it seems, and one who believes that there is a correct way of writing it.

What we have here is a kind of linguistic fundamentalism, a belief in the doctrine of correctness no matter what the cost. The unabridged dictionary is the Bible for these people—to be followed to the letter, I suppose. A grammar book is helpful, at least to reinforce one's own notion of what is correct. And under no circumstances are we allowed to deviate from the path of correctness or to question the word of linguistic authorities.

I think the doctrine of correctness—the idea that there is one, unchanging way of using a language—is a myth. Even in writing, which is more conservative than speech, we need only look at Shakespeare to see that what was once appropriate—or even correct—is no longer.

One of the characters in *Hamlet* has this line: "It was about to speak, when

the cock crew." Would we accept "crew" for "crowed" today, or would we make the writer eat crow?

And that is the first problem with the doctrine of correctness: what is correct today may be incorrect tomorrow. We don't expect politicians today to say, "If this be treason"; we expect, "If this is treason." Then why do some people still demand "If he were here" in place of "If he was here"? If this be reasonable, I were a veritable ninny.

Now if standards change as the language changes, then correctness is relative, not absolute. But that simply does not fit in with the doctrine of correctness, and it is not accepted by the linguistic fundamentalists. They continue to push for the old standard, despite the fact that it's outdated. They demand "whom" and "whomever"; they want "With whom did you go?" in place of "Who did you go with?"

That leads to the other problem with the doctrine of correctness: even if we accept an outdated standard, different circumstances require different kinds of writing.

The teacher who never let her students use an apostrophe was certainly doing them no favor: imagine trying to write a love letter using phrases like "will you not" and "is he not" for "won't you" and "isn't he."

Not everyone realizes that the doctrine of correctness is a myth, the object of as much mispractice as good practice. Not everyone is aware that the dictionary changes every ten years or so. The people who believe in correctness don't change.

I can only hope that the rest of us—the lay people, not the self-anointed ministers of correctness—keep our standards realistic, keep them current and appropriate. Then perhaps we can occasionally clip and correct some gross misunderstanding of how the language works, including, of course, a sample of our superior prose.

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